

MALCOLM, 

A

TRAGEDY.



Nascetur pulchraque Britannicus origine Caesar.

VIRG. ÆN. I.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

M.DCC.LXXIX.

M A J O O M

T R A G E D Y



By the Author of the
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BY THE AUTHOR
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PROLOGUE.

THE great design that the adventurous Muse
Soaring attempts, she implores you will excuse;
And hear with patience, ere you sentence give,
Whether her offspring here shall die or live.
Our author does not of your smiles despair,
Nor dread the verdict of the Brave and Fair.

Whether an Englishman or Scotchman sees
Our arduous labours, sure they can't displease;
Whether the north or south side Tweed be th' earth
That gave him being, BRITISH is his birth.
Then with delight let him behold each scene,
And glow with joy at what his fires have seen.
While every Fair with pleasure, not with scorn,
Sees once what graces did this land adorn;
How Scotland's king, heroic, generous, brave,
To England's princess bow'd a willing slave;
How gratitude and love maintain the field,
While friendship matchless scorns to both to yield;
How beauty in distress exerts her charms,
And kings and kingdoms with a tear commands;
How patriot virtue shines with light divine,
While high ambition does to Heaven resign;
How headstrong passion, (deaf to reason's call)
Its vicious schemes pursuing, meets its fall.
Such the great characters your fires possess'd;
In you, their offspring, such stands well confess'd.

Historic facts you here have in your view;
Hence their original your monarchs drew.
On truth our plan is form'd, no airy dream;
MALCOLM and MARGARET are a well-known theme,
And BRUNSWICK's heroes owe their birth to Them.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

MALCOLM,	King of Scotland.
MACDUFF,	Two Scottish Noblemen.
DOUGLAS,	
EDGAR,	an English Prince.
ALARICK,	an English Lord.
HASMOND,	Two Norwegian Generals.
HETHAIR,	
FIRST SOLDIER.	
SECOND SOLDIER.	

W O M E N.

MARGARET,	Sister to Edgar.
MARIORA,	reputed Daughter to Macduff.

SCENE, *Edinburgh.*

MALCOLM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM, MACDUFF, *and*
DOUGLAS.

MALCOLM.

HAIL Edinburgh, thou feat of ancient kings,
City of old renown, the northern pride !
With joy again I view thy glittering spires,
And much-lov'd turrets : from the powers of Nor-
way
Safely return'd, I bring thee peace and plenty,
The two chief blessings Heaven bestows on men,
When virtue draws their swords, and guides their
counsels
To guard their country from invading fury.

B

MACDUFF.

MACDUFF.

Royal Malcolm,
 Hear thy old soldier, hear thy faithful veteran,
 Whose life from youth has been in camps employ'd.

Bred up to bleed for Scotland, and her safety,
 The martial field alone ingross'd my care,
 And the soft hours of ease I scarce regarded.
 Yet all the joys that fame and conquest gave,
 Ne'er warm'd my breast like this delightful day,
 That from the rage of Norway frees my country,
 And joins both nations in a lasting league.

MALCOLM.

Bravest of men, the boast and pride of Scotland ;
 Thou more than father to my hapless youth,
 When cruel hands had made an orphan of me,
 And usurpation drove me into exile ;
 Let me still venerate thy awful virtue,
 Regard thy words, as if some oracle
 Commanded my obedience : let me hail
 The bless'd occasion that gains your applause,
 Which adds new merit to the cause it sprang from.

MACDUFF.

Yes, let me to the world proclaim my thoughts,
 And glory in my native land's prosperity :
 Her welfare drew my sword—to her I owe
 The laurel wreaths that deck'd my victor arm,
 When conquest smil'd upon me. Let me then
 Delighted see her freed from hostile rage,

A TRAGEDY.

3

And in tranquillity enjoy those blessings,
Which to obtain, the brave man gladly bleeds.

DOUGLAS.

Such were the sentiments that fired old Rome,
Glow'd in the bosoms of her hardy chieftains,
And gave ambition to her sons to reach
The consul's chair, or mount the car triumphant
O'er conquer'd kings, who sunk beneath their arms,
And fullen march'd in chains. Their country
rescu'd,

And blazing in full fame, they glad retir'd,
And fought the pleasures of a life unnotic'd;
Like you, delighted more with conscious virtue,
Than all the splendor of applause and merit.

MALCOLM.

Justly observ'd, my Douglas; Cincinnatus
More real honour gain'd by that sole action,
Than all her future heroes; when, alas!
Rome, doom'd by fate, was hast'ning to her ruin,
And to ambition fell at last a victim.
Then let with equal gratitude this country
Pay equal honours to her great deliverer,
The brave Macduff, and ceaseless sound his praise,
The guardian, father, of his king and country.

MACDUFF.

No more, no more, I did but what was duty.
When royal Duncan fell by murdering hands,
His scepter wrested by the crimson'd traitor;
Your dawning youth in pious Edward's court

M A L C O L M,

For refuge driven ; I long time strove to raise
 My bleeding country from the tyrant's yoke :
 When all in vain, to England I retir'd ;
 'Twas there I fired your soul to claim your birth-
 right,

Oppose th' usurper, and your kingdom rescue.

M A L C O L M.

O, can the godlike deed be e'er forgot,
 The obligation to so dear a friend ?
 You, and the English, have a right to all
 A king can grant to those, by whose assistance
 He sways the scepter of his great forefathers.

D O U G L A S.

Honour and fame are sure the foldier's right,
 And valour merits every just applause ;
 But when a monarch has a claim upon them,
 How Heaven exerts itself, and owns his cause !
 Surrounded by the fierce Norwegian host,
 Your army harra's'd with fatigue and sickness ;
 Before our eyes no prospect but defeat,
 And the dark gloom of everlasting shame ;
 Then Providence by miracle declar'd
 Itself on your behalf—and by a tempest,
 (Scarce to be equall'd since the world's creation)
 Taught our proud foes to own their frail con-
 dition ;

View their own mortal state, and us as men
 That Heaven design'd to rescue from their fury.

M A C D U F F.

A TRAGEDY.

5

MACDUFF.

You're right, my lord, they now seek friendship
of us,

Seek our alliance on the morn's approach ;
Unite in holy league of lasting friendship
With those whom three days past they doom'd to
slaughter.

MALCOLM.

O can we e'er forget our Great Deliv'rer?—
The Power, who rules the elements, decreed
To exert its might, and make our foes our friends.
But all the horrors that both camps furrounded,
Fall short of what the ocean underwent,
Whose surface was o'erspread with wrecks and ruin.

DOUGLAS.

Oh there indeed destruction sat triumphant,
And rul'd with rage unbounded.
The new-made peace between the jarring nations
Allow'd me to survey th' adjacent harbour,
Where late at anchor rode the fleet of Norway.
But sure the dreadful scene is past description :
The element still roaring, heav'n still seem'd
On fire—the lightning's flash, and bellowing thun-
der,

With lowring darkness, all united, threaten'd
To sink their navy, and forbid return ;
For all were hurl'd on rocks, and dash'd to pieces,
Or driv'n at random on the stormy main.
Close on the beach their camp forlorn they form ;

B 3

With

With anxious eyes look tow'rds their shatter'd
fleet,

And in your friendship now place all their hopes.

M A L C O L M.

That is a duty we are bound to shew them.

Let me, my lord, request your goodness visit

[To Macduff.

Hafmond and Hethair, their illustrious chiefs ;
Who, as they trusted to our faith their persons,
And came with us to share the joys of peace,
Demand from us all due acknowledgment
In this their wretched station.

M A C D U F F.

Both your commands, and their own worth, de-
mand

Every respect the brave can shew the wretched.

[Exit Macduff.

M A L C O L M.

And now, my Douglas, now, my dearer part,
The wish'd-for time at length is come, to shew
My gratitude to England, to the best
Of friends that ever succour'd prince distress'd.—
Long had I purpos'd to oppose brave Harold,
Then snatch the laurels from his conqueror's brow,
And place my royal friend, the princely Edgar,
On the fam'd throne of his illustrious fathers ;
When this invasion from the northern coasts
Oppos'd my aim, and blasted the design.

D O U G L A S.

A T R A G E D Y.

7

D O U G L A S.

'Twas a design will make your name esteem'd
In future ages.—'Tis the Almighty will,
The wretched should to monarchs turn their eyes;
There hope for succour as from Heaven's vice-
gerents.

Edward on you bestow'd his kingly aid,
And his young kinsman claims the same from you.

M A L C O L M.

Yes, and this treaty with the northern host
Will now enable us to employ our troops
Against the usurper of the English crown,
Victorious William.—Let our harrafs'd soldiers
Awhile refresh; and then myself in person
Will lead them to the foe, and try the prowess
Of the fierce Normans, and their martial chieftain.

D O U G L A S.

Whose fortune to the justice of our arms
Must surely yield, when headed by a king,
Whose valour, gratitude will fire to conquest.

M A L C O L M.

Rather whom love will fire to acts of wonder.
O Douglas! long you have known the gentle
flame

That fills my bosom for the English princess,
Young Edgar's sister.—To see that lovely maid,
Alone would justify my warlike march:

But to avenge her wrongs—defend her cause,

B 4

(For

(For her's and Edgar's in effect are one)
Will make all obstacles give way to love.

DOUGLAS.

But does fair Margaret favour your address?
If so, demand her of the English Peers,
Offer your aid to reinstate her brother,
And claim your merit by her country's freedom.

MALCOLM.

Rightly propos'd: for strong my hopes are, Dou-
glas,

The royal maid may yet be won to love;
For, when my fervent passion I declar'd,
She heard me with reserve, but not disdain.
Before we enter on the English border,
You shall proposal to young Edgar bear;
Who, with the Princess, and a chosen party,
Are in their northern provinces secur'd
From the all-grasping arm of haughty William.

DOUGLAS.

Aided by you, and to his throne restor'd,
What has not Scotland's king a right to ask?
But when your claim is only for his honour—
To advance his sister to your bed and throne—
With joy his grateful heart will overflow,
And bless his stars, that gave a friend like you.

MALCOLM.

O how my fond delighted heart is sooth'd!
The lovely image of the royal maid,

With

With all her heaven of charms, now stands before
me.

'Twas for her sake insensible I view'd
All other beauties, that my eyes survey'd.
The blooming graces of bright Mariora,
The fair associate of my days of exile,
Wrought no effect on me, tho' much her merit,
And much my obligations to her father,
The great Macduff, mine and my crown's de-
fender.

D O U G L A S.

What words of joy I hear!—My royal master,
The weary'd traveller in desarts lost,
O'er snowy mountains, or the dreary wastes;
Spent and bewilder'd, faint with length of toil;
If suddenly the wish'd-for path appears,
That to his journey's end will lead him on,
Finds not more rapture at the long-sought sight,
Than warms the bosom of your loyal Douglas,
To find your heart from Mariora free;
For on that blooming fair I have fix'd my love,
In infancy admir'd her opening beauties,
And vow'd allegiance to her matchless charms.

M A L C O L M.

Your birth and merit justly may demand her.
But see, her father comes.

Enter

Enter MACDUFF.

MACDUFF.

Thanks and acknowledgments for all your favours,
Your generous bounty to their wretched host,
(Whose camp the neighbouring country now supplies;

Such were your orders, such their natural pity)
The chiefs of Norway gratefully return.—

But now a nearer tie demands compassion:—

During the storm an English vessel wreck'd
Upon our coast: part of the crew, by boats,
(Some of the fairer sex among the rest)

Haply arriv'd on shore, and but now reach'd
Your capital—I met them as I enter'd—

Faint and dejected at their long fatigue;

But 'midst their sufferings I saw grandeur shine.

Me they address'd, as if they once had known me,
And crav'd my interest in your princely breast.

At my apartments in the palace, now,

They wait the pleasure of the King of Scotland.

MALCOLM.

Shall I lament the miseries of these strangers;
Or rather kneel to Heaven with grateful praise,
That has given me power to shew I'm not un-
mindful

Of obligations past, and former kindness?

This evening be they admitted to my presence;

With state and gratitude let me receive them,

Such

A TRAGEDY.

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Such as becomes a Prince to shew to men,
Whose pity sav'd him from his father's murderer.—
You, noble Thane, will introduce them to me;
Till then be they your care.—I leave you now.

[*Exeunt Malcolm and Douglas.*]

MACDUFF (*solus.*)

O Scotland, happy land!—the days of old,
The Augustan age, by fame so celebrated,
Seem once again (as if by Providence
Appointed for the good of men below)
To rise in this thy northern hemisphere,
Under the auspice of illustrious Malcolm,
Of princely birth, but yet more princely virtues;
Heroic, generous, merciful, and just,
Grateful to all, but most of all to Heaven.—
O Duncan! long I serv'd thee in thy wars,
My lov'd, my murder'd master; but the joy
To set thy noble son on thy lost throne
Gives more delight, than when the fell Macbeth
Beneath my sword sunk prostrate at my feet.—
To complete our bliss, may Mariora's charms,
The fairest virgin in our Albion clime,
Attract his heart, and make him own her power!
Then might we hope a length of halcyon days,
And Power Divine adore with ceaseless praise.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

EDGAR, ALARICK, MARGARET, *with other ladies, are discovered.*

EDGAR.

From the dire tempest, and the stormy main,
Where all our brave associates found their graves
In the dark bosom of the boundless deep,
Safe on this hospitable shore, my sister,
Has Providence vouchsaf'd to land the wretched,
The hopes, the darling once of fertile England.
Mercies like these inspire my soul to think
Heaven still has blessings for us left in store;
Honour and empire in our native country,
And future monarchs owe to us their being.

MARGARET.

My lord, my sovereign; more, my dearest brother,
Whose precious life the Power Divine still guard!
'Midst all the horrors of the howling storm,
The bellowing ocean's rage, and foaming waves,
Still in thy safety all my hopes were plac'd;
Still did thy mourning sister offer vows
To every saint, to every pitying angel,
To aid our prayers, and intercede for you.
All-gracious Providence with mercy view'd us,
And wreck'd our vessel on this friendly coast;
Whose King himself has in our court experienc'd
The assistance now we ask.

EDGAR.

A TRAGEDY.

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EDGAR.

His generous breast will sympathize our woes,
Himself having once experienc'd like misfortune.
But when, my sister, I reflect the conquest
Your eyes have made, and how his heart's your
vassal,

I doubt not but the power of Margaret's charms
Will plead our cause, nor let us sue in vain.

MARGARET.

O Edgar, raise not to my anxious thoughts
The pleasing phantom of the days now past.
Time was when Scotland's king beheld those eyes
With adoration due to more than mortals:
But now, how chang'd my form, as well as fortune!

And Margaret now can only hope from Malcolm
Those succours, that the good vouchsafe to
misery.

ALARICK.

Doubt not, my sovereign mistress: I observ'd
The good Macduff, when we our sufferings told,
And fought his intercession, scarce restrain'd
The rising tear; then, grasping close my hand,
I'll aid you all I can, he cry'd; our master
Never by halves shews kindness to the unhappy.
Then hasten'd to the court, and left me joyful,
That Heaven had given an advocate like him.

EDGAR.

E D G A R.

Believe me, Alarick, I have cause to joy,
 That, since the Hungarian shores we're not to reach,
 Fate has allotted Scotland for our refuge:
 For here I hope once more to see the bright
 Alluring maid who taught me first desire,
 The daughter of Macduff, fair Mariora.

A L A R I C K.

Oft with her father, in your uncle's court,
 I have seen the lovely virgin's dawning sweetness.
 Such she appear'd, as does the damask rose
 After a May-morn shower, on sun's approach,
 Whose fragrance has not full perfection reach'd,
 But promis'd soon to be the garden's pride.
 Doubtless her charms are worthy England's heir;
 And old Macduff with joy will hail the union.

E D G A R.

Should fate ordain so, I am blest'd indeed.

M A R G A R E T.

May every saint whom we invoke, assist,
 And give the best of brothers all their aid!

*[During this speech of Margaret's a
 messenger enters, speaks privately to
 Edgar, then bowing, returns.]*

E D G A R.

But now the hour approaches, as Macduff
 Has sent to inform us, when the king intends
 To give us audience. Let us now prepare for it.

M A R G A R E T.

A TRAGEDY.

15

MARGARET.

Merciful Power, now view our wretched state!

Be this day of our future bliss the date.

Grant me the heart of this brave king to bend ;

Let me be pleasing, let him all attend,

And to my harraß'd country instant succours send!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE *a different Apartment.**Enter HASMOND and HETHAIR.*

HASMOND.

THUS you have learn'd the cause that made
me yield,

The real cause that bent my soul to seek
Alliance with the Scottish arms, and courting
Friendship with those whom in my heart I hate.
'Twas not the conquest of the Orcades,
Mona's subjection, or the Hebride isles
(Tho' well their spoil repaid the soldier's toils)
Prompt me the realms of Malcolm to invade.
Different my views were, as I lately mention'd ;
To gain the maid whom most my soul admires :
Her love to obtain was all my end of war.
This urg'd me on to invade—this made me hail
The horrid storm that terrify'd our host,
And made them sue to those they late despis'd,
Giving my enamour'd soul the means I wish'd for.

HETHAIR.

Ever renown'd, victorious Hasmond, hear me,
And may my counsels in thy breast find entrance !
Why should you thus your princely mind intrall,
5 And

And sink the soldier in the slave of beauty?
 How will our master, royal Godred, blush,
 To hear his Hasmond; his all-conquering brother,
 Become the vassal of a woman's eyes,
 And female charms now rule the first of warriors?

H A S M O N D:

Soldier, mistake not; Hasmond still is Hasmond:
 Nor will he bate one atom of renown.
 Poets relate how gods have oft descended,
 And left th' Olympic realms for earth-born beauties;

When satiate with variety of bliss;
 They ascend the skies, again become divine:
 Thus, when the Fair has granted every joy,
 The treasures that the Queen of Love affords,
 Sudden I'll quit the field of soft delight,
 Rush from th' alluring scene, and shine in arms.

H E T H A I R.

But what a blast to all your former glory!
 How will the censuring world upbraid your weakness!

Hasmond, the darling of the sons of Norway,
 That led them on thro' fields of blood to conquest;
 From all his honours fallen!—like some tall pine,
 That long o'ertopt his fellows, by his roots
 Torn from the mountain's summit by the force
 Of Boreas' fury, at a distance lies,
 A dead, an heavy, an unwieldy weight,
 No more admir'd, esteem'd as useless lumber.

C

H A S M O N D:

HASMOND.

No more, my friend, of this untimely counsel.
 I on my fate rely, that ne'er forsook me:
 Fortune is proud the daring to assist,
 I'll trust her now, nor will I doubt her aid.
 Why does the soldier toil, why does he bleed,
 And pass a life of danger and fatigue,
 Unless he reap the fruit of all his conquest?
 Nought but enjoyment of the maid I love
 Can e'er repay me for my former merit.
 When next Macduff I see, I'll ask his daughter;
 Should he consent, she'll grace my brother's court;
 But if refus'd, my soldiers know their duty.

HETHAIR.

And I know mine:—This made me first oppose,
 And still obstruct the torrent of your passion.
 Reason was given to man to guide his actions,
 To regulate his conduct, steer his vessel
 Thro' the wide ocean of unbounded will:
 Then let that reason now assert her power;
 Restrain your wild desire; force you to own
 Her empire's sovereignty, and your obedience.

HASMOND.

Time was, this counsel I'd have listen'd to;
 But Mariora's charms are all resistless!
 When I reflect on each bewitching grace;
 When I contemplate every love that play'd
 And wanton'd in her eyes; I wonder how
 My raging passion I so long contain'd!

I

HETHAIR.

H E T H A I R.

Since you're resolv'd to tempt your fate, no longer
Shall I give counsel to the stormy main.
The winds would hear as soon as headlong love,
That blindly follows its bewildering course,
Reckless of danger, of the precipice
Destruction, that juts out t' oppose its passage.
But much I wonder, Prince, you ne'er discover'd
Your passion to her in the court of Norway ;
Where with her father she resided long,
Where, ere these wars brake out, ambassador
He came from Malcolm to the king your brother.

H A S M O N D.

Curse on my cold neglect !—'twas folly all.
But when her father having left our court
(The wars commencing) homewards was return'd,
Grief and despair then urg'd me on to madness ;
Then Godred's soul I fir'd to this invasion,
Resolv'd to die, or gain the lovely prize.
The king, my brother, heard with joy the motion,
(Still ignorant of the cause from whence it sprung)
Gave me the chief command in th' expedition,
And left the whole to me.

H E T H A I R.

How his great expectations you have answer'd,
Your conquest o'er the Scottish Isles proclaim.
O damp not then his joy by such a conduct
As princes scorn to act!

HASMOND.

Hethair, no more; here ends our conversation;
 Your counsel I'll observe:—address Macduff,
 But if in vain, I follow then my own.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to a Room of State.*

MALCOLM *is discovered seated*; DOUGLAS,
 MACDUFF, *and many Nobles attending.*

MALCOLM.

Fortune this day has given my joyful breast
 The wish'd-for power, to shew the English land
 Her former pity was not thrown away,
 When she gave refuge to my exil'd youth
 From the relentless sword of fierce Macbeth;—
 She sav'd me from his rage, and lent the succours
 That quell'd the tyrant and redeem'd my country.
 Now gratitude calls loud for each assistance
 My crown can give, tho' to her meanest sons,
 Who claim that aid the pious Edward gave me.
 You, Lord Macduff, inform me they are here,
 And only wait our will—then introduce them,
 And ease at once their minds. [*Exit Macduff.*]

Sure to the wretched
 Immediate succours do enhance the favour,
 And draw a double blessing on the giver.

Re-enter

A TRAGEDY.

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*Re-enter MACDUFF, followed by EDGAR,
ALARICK, MARGARET, and Ladies.*

MACDUFF.

The strangers, Sir, attend.

MALCOLM.

Let them approach.

EDGAR, *advancing, kneels; the rest do the same
at a distance.*

EDGAR.

Look from thy height of power, illustrious monarch !

And view with pity our deplor'd estate :—
Exil'd from England's soil, that gave us birth,
And wandering o'er the seas to lands remote,
The tempest drove us to your friendly shores.
Most of my brave companions lost, these few,
With me escap'd, implore your royal bounty
To aid us wretched, and our wants supply ;
Leave to repose ourselves, and then entreat
A vessel to convey us to the coast
Of rich Hungaria ; that's the land we seek,
There hope for shelter from oppressive power.
So may your reign with every bliss be crown'd ;
So may Heaven shield you from each hostile sword,
And your sons' sons for ever fill your throne !

MALCOLM.

'Tis he ! 'tis he ! it is the royal Edgar !—

'Twas sympathy that warm'd my glowing bosom,

C 3

And

And made my heart rebound with joy unusual.

[*Rising.*]

Spring to my arms, and let me press thee close,
My intercessor, dear-lov'd friend, and brother.

EDGAR.

Why will you thus oppress me with your goodness;
O'erload me with the weight I can't sustain;
But sink as Atlas underneath my burden,
Unless, like some Alcides, Heaven vouchsafes
To lend me more than human power to bear it?

MALCOLM.

Myself will ease the load; only declare
Your wish, and leave the rest to fate and Malcolm.

MARGARET.

Dread Providence divine! who'd e'er distrust thee?
This best of kings will be thy proxy now,
And thro' his means we feel thy mercy towards us.

MALCOLM.

Ha! it is she!—Or do I only dream?
Is it illusion, or some fairy form
That haunts my mind, to tantalize my folly?
Or, if I wake, and it be real all,
I see the miracle of nature here,
The lovely Margaret! unless some angel
Assumes her heavenly form, and, thus disguis'd,
Leaves his ambrosial groves to soothe my fancy,
And cheer that heart that long admir'd her beauty.

MARGARET.

M A R G A R E T.

Most renown'd of men,
 Thus let me kneel, and thus revere your bounty.
 May Margaret's prayers for you be still convey'd,
 By the chief Saints in favour most sublime,
 To that great Power whose attribute is goodness,
 That every joy may circle round your throne,
 And bliss immortal well reward your virtues !

M A L C O L M.

Can it be true ! Say, Douglas, Angus, Lennox,
 Is England's princess here, and all this real ;
 Her dear-lov'd brother too ; or does my brain
 Distemper'd roam, and hunt in vain for shadows ?

D O U G L A S.

All that you see is as your soul could wish ;
 The charming Margaret, and the prince her brother,
 With minds compos'd, expect your further pleasure.

M A L C O L M.

Then, since the vision's real, make my joys
 Compleatly so ; partake the throne of Scotland.
 But let us rear thee from that suppliant posture,
 Ill suiting to thy worth, and rather place thee
 Where best becomes thee—in my royal state.

E D G A R, (*aside.*)

O Alarick, what a sudden turn of fate !

A L A R I C K, (*aside.*)

A certain omen that your royal sister

Will be the means to work her country's freedom.

MALCOLM.

O Edgar, tempt no more the boisterous main,
Nor strive th' Hungarian flying land to reach;
Trust not the ocean, place thy hopes on shore;
Scotland has power and wealth—both you command.

Her gallant sons from all their hills, will pour,
And croud thy standard at their king's command;
A race inur'd to toil, and war's alarms,
Fearless of danger, and allur'd by fame,
Will try the fortune of thy rival's sword,
And place the English scepter in thy hand,

EDGAR.

How can your favour to a prince distress'd,
Outcast, and dash'd from all his former hopes,
The sport of giddy fortune, and her malice,
Be e'er repaid but in its conscious merit?
My life, my crown, my people, all are your's.

MALCOLM.

These, and a thousand more acknowledgments,
Are nought, without your beauteous sister's smiles;
One fav'ring glance is more than recompence
For venturing subjects, kingdom, life, for you.

MARGARET.

Which shall my wonder or esteem be greater?
Esteem for virtues of a prince so noble,
Or wonder at the cause that gave it birth?
How should an hapless maid, like me, attract

The

A TRAGEDY.

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The attention of a king renown'd as you?

MALCOLM.

O Margaret, grant the happy Malcolm hopes,
Then with what eagerness he'd fire his troops,
Lead them to conquer in the glorious cause,
And William's valour should in vain oppose him!

MARGARET.

For you I ever shall my prayers devote,
For you each saint and angel hourly address
Still to protect, and make you all his care:
But for myself, there I obedience owe,
Nor dare engage without his royal leave;
My friend, my guardian, brother, sovereign lord.

MALCOLM (*to EDGAR.*)

Then, since on you depends the fate of Malcolm,
Let the assistance of the power of Scotland,
Your country rescu'd, and your throne establish'd,
Plead in my cause, and witness for my passion.—
O good Macduff, O Douglas, Angus, Argyle,
Join in the joy that warms your sovereign's breast—
Let each partake the universal gladness
That shines around my court, should England's
 princess
Deign with your king to share his regal sway.

[*Exit, leading Margaret.*]

Enter MACDUFF, *solus.*

MACDUFF.

Sink down, ambition, and let prudence rule.—

How

How have I err'd, and trod the paths of folly,
Pursu'd the dazzling meteor o'er the glade,
That still eluded all my search and toil,
And led me to the wilds of disappointment !
O Mariora, all my aspiring hopes
To advance thy virtues to the throne of Scotland,
And bless my royal master with thy beauties,
Are dash'd, and vanish'd like an airy dream.
Fair Margaret's charms have made a conquest of
him,
And in his chains he glories.—Ha ! lord Douglas !
As yet I must not trust him with the secret,
Though it does much concern him.

Enter DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

Noble Thane,
Thou genius both of Scotland and her king,
The surest prop, my country's best support ;
Does not thy soul approve our master's choice ?
Does not young Edgar's sister's charms excuse
The passion that her killing eyes have rais'd ?

MACDUFF.

True, Douglas—Malcolm is her beauty's slave,
And richly she deserves her conquest o'er him :
Her royal birth, and royal virtues, all
Declare her worthy of the crown he offers.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

Then, since your soul can view the royal weakness
 With gentle pity, nor severely censure
 That homage that the Fair from all demand;
 Let the like candour be on me bestow'd,
 Nor turn thy eyes averse to pleading love.
 Long have I languish'd for thy blooming daughter,
 Long swore my heart the vassal of her charms;
 Then O, for friendship's sake, let me entreat,
 Dash not my hopes—but aid my aspiring love,
 That pants to kneel to thee, and call you father.

MACDUFF.

True; and that friendship will not let me flatter,
 Nor lead in error him I much esteem.
 Thy noble birth, thy valour, patriot zeal,
 The royal favour—all proclaim thy worth;
 But when my Mariora is the question,
 Her happiness the subject in debate,
 Douglas must pardon me, when I declare
 I can't consent—Fate does oppose the union.

DOUGLAS.

Severely virtuous, rigid, cold philosopher!
 Had e'er thy bosom known the pang of love,
 Or own'd his sovereign power, a flame like mine
 Had met reception of a different nature;
 Not spurn'd at distance, as beneath your notice.

MACDUFF.

Believe, young lord, you wander from my meaning;
 Your person, merit, I esteem and reverence.

In

In all things else command me : but my daughter
Is not for you—Fate and Macduff oppose you.

D O U G L A S.

But both in vain ; all dangers I'll surmount
To gain the charming maid.—Thou, cruel lord,
Shalt strive in vain my happiness to bar.
A love so pure, so innocent, and chaste,
Yourself shall own deserves your charming daughter,
And you with joy shall hail the happy bride.

M A C D U F F.

Here cease our argument :—my lord, excuse me ;
I think you worthy every wish you form,
Of honours, titles, Malcolm's princely friendship—
Worthy of all ; but only Mariora.

D O U G L A S.

Cruel conclusion ! But I take my leave.

M A C D U F F.

Farewel, my lord. Much I admire your virtues ;
But for my daughter, think of her no more ;
'Tis all in vain—I say, think no more of her.

[Exeunt severally.]

A C T

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE *an Apartment in MACDUFF's House.*MACDUFF *and* MARIORA.

MACDUFF.

NOW, Mariora, I have told the wonder;
The strange effect of this late furious tem-
pest,
That seem'd to threaten nature with destruction;
But has given to Scotland peace, to her king a
bride,
Peace with the northern troops that long harraß'd
her,
And England's princess shares the throne of Mal-
colm.
The royal nuptials o'er, the alarming trumpet
Rouses our martial bands. The king in person,
With all the flower of our warlike clime,
Numerous from all their glens and glades col-
lected,
Cross o'er the Tweed, and on Northumbria's soil
Erect the standard of the youthful Edgar;
The Saxons' rising sun, his people's darling.

MARIORA.

Blessings attend the generous expedition!

The

The undertaking well befits the affection,
And proves the love he bears his charming queen.

MACDUFF.

It does, my daughter—But this foreign beauty,
Whose fatal charms their conquest loud proclaim'd,
Has dash'd the pleasing hopes I long had cherish'd.
How have I fondly plann'd delusive schemes
Of seeing you the partner of his sway,
And blessing with a lovely progeny
The noblest prince that ever rul'd a people!
How can thy breast support the disappointment,
Or balk'd ambition not regret thy fortune?

MARIORA.

Far, far from envy, or repining thoughts,
The usual plagues of disappointed love,
Where hearts are only cemented by interest,
And wild ambition is the only fuel
That keeps alive the flame—to England's beauty
I willingly resign the prize contested;
In calm retirement, in my private station,
Far more delighted than in pomp of greatness,
Or all the splendor of imperial sway.

MACDUFF.

'Tis well thy virtue can controul ambition,
Else what a shock to thy soft tender frame;
By me long buoyed up with the hopes of grandeur,
Thy country's scepter, and her sovereign's love!

MARIORA.

A TRAGEDY.

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M A R I O R A.

Honours by far too great for Mariora,
Whose soul ne'er sought that envy'd dignity.—
May my fair rival meet the joys she merits,
And Malcolm's love repay her matchless virtues!

M A C D U F F.

Then, since you bear the loss with so much calm-
ness,
I must presume you ne'er approv'd my intention,
That sought to advance thee to a monarch's bed.—
Perhaps I err'd; thy aim might not soar so high:
Perhaps young Douglas (he I find admires you)
Is more your choice.—Freely disclose your thoughts,
And trust a father, who can hear as freely.

M A R I O R A.

Alas! my lord, why did you mention Douglas?
Why raise ideas that distract my bosom?
His birth, his valour, all proclaim his worth,
And each fair maid might pride in such a conquest.

M A C D U F F.

Then I perceive you favour his addresses.—
But I must tell you, with a different eye
I canvass mankind:—years have given experience;
And with a prophet's tongue I here pronounce,
Whate'er his merits are, you'll ne'er unite,
Nor Hymen join you in the nuptial tie.

M A R I O R A.

May Heaven approve your words; fulfil them all!
For tho' the gallant lord has all demands

On

On friendship and esteem, adores my person;
 And fondly thinks he's not indifferent to me;
 Yet for some secret cause; some unknown horror,
 I shudder at the thoughts of being his bride,
 And marriage would with him be more than
 misery.

MACDUFF.

Then why encourage him, or give him hopes?
 Why tantalize a passion you reject,
 And into error lead the man you esteem?

MARIORA.

Because—I know not why—I find delight,
 A pleasing joy, whenever in my presence:
 But I am shock'd whene'er he mentions love.—
 Perhaps my heart would ill requite his passion;
 Perhaps, alas! it is not mine to give:

MACDUFF.

How! has some other then alarm'd thy breast?
 Say, is it Hafmond, Godred's princely brother?
 He (when you went with me to Norway's court)
 I oft observ'd incessant gaze upon you,
 While his eyes spoke the language of his soul,
 And smother'd sighs but ill conceal'd desire.

MARIORA.

Hafmond! O no, my lord; his fiery temper
 Would ne'er accord with Mariora's mildness.
 Peace and tranquillity are my utmost hopes
 In future life; content to pass my days
 Silent, unnotic'd, blest'd in calmer love:

MACDUFF:

MACDUFF.

Which of our northern peers is the happy man
Whose stars have bless'd him with my daughter's
love?

Can Rothsay, Argyle, or can Athol boast
Himself the fav'rite of a maid like you?
Quickly declare, that I his worth may scan,
And dash his hopes at once, if undeserving.

MARIORA.

None, none of these e'er gave my mind disquiet,
Tho' great their titles, power, fame, and honour:
I long ago have given my heart away,
And all consideration now is useless.

MACDUFF.

What, has thy folly driven thee to disgrace
Thy noble birth, and throw thyself away?
Given to some slave, some vassal far beneath
thee,

That love I had destin'd to a king's embraces?
Instant declare the partner of thy rashness,
Or thou, the author of my age's sorrows,
Shall for my injur'd honour make atonement.

MARIORA, (*kneeling.*)

O my father—

Thus prostrate let me fall, and sue for pardon.
Turn not averse thy awful eyes, but view me,
O view thy once-lov'd Mariora kneeling,
And suppliant crave thy mercy and forgiveness.
Vouchsafe paternal blessing on thy daughter,

D

No_r

Nor tender pity let her ask in vain.

MACDUFF.

Ease me from torture, thou degenerate girl—
I charge thee on thy duty, tell this moment
Th' accursed cause that prompts thy disobedience,
And robs me of the affection of my child.

MARIORA.

Then turn thy wrath away, and mild behold me ;
Suspend thine anger while I all disclose.
'Twas in your exile at the court of Edward,
Where I attended you, my heart was lost.
Long did I struggle with my growing folly,
And vainly call'd on reason to assist me ;
The God of Love o'erpower'd my utmost efforts,
And Edgar's virtue gain'd your Mariora.

MACDUFF.

Amazement ! can I credit what I hear !
Edgar, the hopes of England, Edward's kinsman !
Is he the object of my daughter's passion ?
An happiness unlook'd for !—But O tell me,
Is he acquainted with your sentiment,
Returns back love, or flights your easy weakness ?

MARIORA.

O, Sir, I never from my sex's dignity
Did once descend ; but with becoming pride
Delighted heard my royal lover's sighs,
Receiv'd with decent joy his faithful vows,
And plighted, in return for his, my own.

MACDUFF.

A TRAGEDY.

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MACDUFF.

From what a load of anguish am I freed !
 Sure Heaven design'd thy virtue to reward,
 And fix thee on a throne, thy merit's due.
 Doubtless the prince will long to kneel before you ;
 Prepare to receive him as your future lord,
 Worthy of all that virtue can bestow.
 O Scotland ! Heaven attest, it was thy welfare,
 Not my unbounded aims, that made me wish
 The king my master had beheld this virgin
 With eyes of tenderness—I deem'd her virtues
 Best calculated to promote thy happiness,
 And make thy sovereign bless'd ; but as the will
 Divine has doom'd to his embrace another,
 Equal in every personal endowment,
 In birth superior, let me gladly hail
 The disappointment of my former hopes.—
 But now prince Hasmond calls me to his presence,
 And as my duty, I attend his pleasure. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM, meeting DOUGLAS.

MALCOLM.

Welcome, thou dear associate of my cares,
 The brave companion of my every fortune,
 Th' allevior of my woes in wandering exile,
 In calmer hours the partner of each joy ;

D 2

With

With me salute the sun's refulgent rays,
 That on this day blazes with glories more
 Splendid than usual on thy happy master,
 And gives him hopes of blessings more than mortal.

/ D O U G L A S.

My royal lord, my master ; more, my friend,
 Since you allow of that endearing name ;
 O may thy Douglas merit that high honour,
 By dedicating, to deserve your goodness,
 His prayers, his life, his fortune, all for you !

M A L C O L M.

Believe me, stories past, and former ages,
 Would strive in vain to equal our affection.
 Heaven's darling shepherd for his royal friend,
 Nor Pylades for Agamemnon's son
 (Tho' fame has loudly celebrated both
 As wond'rous, as examples) ever felt
 The dear esteem my bosom feels for you,
 The noblest soldier, most deserving man.

D O U G L A S.

How does my humble heart tumultuous glow
 With emulation, even thee to excel
 In friendship's sacred bands !

M A L C O L M.

Then share the joys that Providence pours on me:
 Heaven has, by miracle, to Malcolm given
 All he e'er wish'd, to crown his days with bliss :
 The maid his soul admires allows his love,
 An happy people, and a friend like Douglas.

D O U G L A S.

Generous thy offers : but how great the difference
Betwixt our fates ; as if our stars disown'd
The well-fix'd union of our social souls !—
The joyous minutes dance around your hopes,
And smiling, hail your approaching nuptial rites ;
While I, from every glimpse of bliss precipitated—
Like some curs'd angel plung'd in deep despair—
Must sigh in vain, and hopeless view that light
I never, never must expect to enjoy.

M A L C O L M.

If in the power of friendship to assist thee,
Make known thy wound, that I may work the cure.

D O U G L A S.

O then exert thy influence, royal Malcolm !
Thee all thy subjects willingly obey,
And gladly strive who shall the most revere.
O bend Macduff to pity : teach his heart,
His harden'd, stubborn, unrelenting heart,
At love to soften, nor severely treat
My tender passion for his charming daughter.

M A L C O L M.

Now, friendship, triumph ; spread thy sacred wings,
Soar now aloft, and tell the world thy conquest.
Hear, Douglas, hear me swear by all that's holy ;
Angels and saints, and ev'ry pious martyr,
By Margaret's self, that essence of perfection,
I'll every effort use, thy worth to imbibe
In stern Macduff,—but if 'tis all in vain,

D 3

Malcolm

Malcolm will know no happiness without thee,
Nor taste the joys of love while you are wretched.

DOUGLAS.

And can a friend require an act so cruel?
No, royal Sir, thy Douglas ne'er consents
To so severe an instance of thy goodness.
Perhaps to you the rigid patriot warrior
Will lend an ear—for much he loves his king—
And age's obstinacy yield to duty.

MALCOLM.

Fix'd is my purpose, tho' I don't despair
His gen'rous soul to melt to reason's dictates.
Where can he hope to match his daughter nobler,
Or wish a son of more exalted virtues?—
But now the English Princess claims my presence,
And we must part. Be comforted, my Douglas.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

EDGAR, MARGARET, ALARICK, and *Attendants, are discovered.*

MARGARET.

O Edgar, let thy now chear'd spirits glow,
True heir to England's crown; thy scepter now,
By royal instinct mov'd, advances on,
And claims thy grasp.—Thy longing subjects wait
Thy wish'd return, their freedom to maintain;
And,

And, by the generous Malcolm's arms supported,
Long to oppose once more thy rival's progress.

EDGAR.

O sister, born to bless two warlike nations,
Thy native country, and this social realm;
'Tis, next to Providence, to you I owe
The pleasing prospect of my future empire;
Your beauty has wrought upon the soul of Malcolm,
And his fam'd sword, for you, supports my quarrel.

ALARICK.

The wide-fam'd character of this great prince
Will influence more our nation in the cause,
Than all the terrors of his conquering sword.

MARGARET.

Rightly, my lord, you judge of Scotland's king.
If ever man possess'd the attributes
Of virtue, clemency, religion, honour,
Friendship sincere—I firmly, from my soul,
Believe in him that they are all united.

EDGAR.

Who, when supported by a cause so good,
And such allies, can ever doubt success?
O may the powers of England and of Scotland—
Born in one island, from the world disjoin'd—
As common sons of one indulgent mother
Unite, a match for all the powers of Europe!

MARGARET.

And who can tell but fate designs as much?

D 4

Your

Your numerous friends at home expect your presence;

Edwin and Morcar threaten loud in arms;
 Marlesweall and Stygand animate their hopes;
 And all things seem to advance your restoration,

EDGAR.

Their generous souls with pity view their country,
 Still the sad theatre, where power oppressive
 Displays his sanguine rage in pride and triumph,
 My Alarick, instant write, and tell them all:
 Inform them of the great design—Inspire
 Their minds with equal hopes, and equal ardour.

ALARICK.

What you command, my lord, I'll straight observe.
[Exit.]

EDGAR.

But 'midst the general joy, my dear-lov'd sister,
 Edgar is still most wretched. Only you
 Can be the star that guides him thro' the desert,
 The dreary wilderness he long has travers'd.
 No thoughts of sovereignty can give delight,
 Or scepters please, without my Mariora.—
 The good Macduff, to whom I've now disclos'd
 My passion for his daughter, gave permission
 To admire her charms, but resolute forbids
 All thoughts of marriage without Malcolm's leave.
 You sway his soul. Your intercession sure
 He'll ne'er deny, nor let you ask in vain.
 O then exert your power, try every charm

To

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To gain his interest for your wretched brother ;
Wretched indeed, unless his sister aids him.

MARGARET.

How can you think my influence can be wanting
To assist that Prince whom duty bids obey ?
Yes, I will strive to mould the soul of Malcolm
To all you wish. But if intreaties fail,
Your sister here calls heaven and earth to witness,
Without your leave obtain'd—was every merit
With which he is grac'd, and every obligation
From me returnable, augmented tenfold—
Margaret will scorn his love, his crown, his person,
And wander still with thee to realms remote,
Contemn the tempests of the stormy seas,
The glad companion of her Edgar's sufferings.

EDGAR.

O no, I'll hope a different fate attends us.
Heaven will repay thy virtues with its favour ;
And, as thy brother, I shall share the blessings.

MARGARET.

O Providence ! the wretched's surest friend,
Give to our toils, and miseries, soon an end ;
Save us from treacherous friends, and powerful foes ;
Let all thy mercies follow our late woes :
Thro' every scene of life be we thy care,
May thy good angels hover round us near,
That we thy bounty may to all declare !

}

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE Hasmond's Apartment.

Enter HASMOND (solus.)

HASMOND.

Contemn'd and slighted for my condescension !
 Refus'd those proffers kings would hear with
 rapture,

And bless their stars that I had deign'd to make
 them !—

Curse on my base and abject, groveling notions,
 That sought by humble prayers and sighs to obtain
 What nature rather fram'd me to possess,
 By those endowments she has bestow'd upon me.
 Yet all these blessings, by the advice of Hethair,
 I weakly threw away, as useless rubbish,
 And stern Macduff by flattery sought to gain.
 'Twas poor, 'twas folly all.—But my own counsel
 I follow now, of consequence regardless :
 My former purpose I have not neglected ;
 But, dubious of my eloquence succeeding,
 Plann'd schemes that may turn out to more ac-
 count.—

But see, the honest soldier comes !—Well, friend,

Enter

Enter SOLDIER.

Have you obey'd my orders? seen your comrades,
Sounded their inclination to oblige me,
And make their prince their debtor?

SOLDIER.

I have, dread Sir,
Told them how much you would esteem their service,
And gave your gold as earnest of your bounty.

HASMOND.

Would they take it?

SOLDIER.

With joy, Sir; who would not?—your orders were
No more than what their duty claims from soldiers,
And all besides is your own royal goodness.

HASMOND.

You nam'd the place where they are to attend my
coming?

SOLDIER.

Yes, and impatiently they wait the meeting,
And from your favour hope their future fortune.

HASMOND.

Which for their service I am oblig'd to make.—
But did you open to them the design,
Or are they ignorant of the schemes in view?

SOLDIER.

My lord, a thought has to my mind occur'd,
That makes obedience all we need require.

HASMOND.

H A S M O N D.

What mean you, friend? instantly name this thought,
Nor keep me in suspense, but speak the whole.

S O L D I E R.

As in compliance to your will I fought them,
Fortune, propitious, threw me in the way
Of an acquaintance whom I knew in Norway,
A menial servant then to the ambassador,
And now it seems his porter—former friendship
(For to my sister he has been a suitor)
Renew'd at sight, and 'twas with joy we met;
The chearful bowl did to our mirth contribute,
And I have observ'd this man, well ply'd with li-
quor,
May forward much your wish—My comrades, there-
fore,
I only told to attend your further pleasure.

H A S M O N D.

My better genius! can my favours, fortune,
Sufficiently reward so dear a friend?—
But Hethair here approaches—leave me now,
And some hours hence return; when, more at lei-
sure,
We'll regulate our plan for execution.

[Exit Soldier.

Enter H E T H A I R.

Now for deceit—How strangely am I fallen! [*Aside*,
—O Hethair, I have joyful news to tell:

How

How was I lost! how sunk from all those thoughts,

Those towering thoughts of glory and renown,
That led me thro' the fields of war to conquest,
Had not your counsel rous'd me from my slumber
Of folly, and preserv'd thy friend from ruin!

H E T H A I R.

Reason, when once your passions did subside,
I knew would rescue you from beauty's fetters,
Break every chain that made my prince a slave,
And Hasmond rise again the sun of honour.

H A S M O N D.

Yes, Hethair, now I loathe my abject meanness;
For sure the stern contempt the father shew'd me,
May well drive out all fondness for the daughter,
And gladly may I boast, no more I love her.

H E T H A I R.

Our warlike troops with warmth renew'd will view
Hasmond, their country's pride—from female bondage

Restor'd to glory—shine once more in arms,
Omen of future conquest and renown.

H A S M O N D.

Yes, and to-morrow shall their hopes be granted;
Myself in person will appear among them.
Let me intreat you (as our camp's not far)
You will inform them of my resolution;
And be they all in arms on my arrival.

H E T H A I R.

HETHAIR.

As your command, conclude your will obey'd.

HARMOND.

Mean time the Scottish king I'll urge to hasten
 (As in our treaty 'twas concluded on)
 The vessels to transport them home to Norway;
 This in your absence shall be my employ.
 Now each about what he has undertaken. [Exit.

Manet HETHAIR (*solus.*)

Lucky escape!—from beauty's thralldom freed,
 This martial prince again will bless his country;
 The noblest flower in all the blooming garland
 That decks his royal brother's arms.—But let me
 Reflect a little——Strange the alteration!
 Lately transported with his raging passion,
 And headlong bent at all events to accomplish
 His wild desires, tho' with the loss of honour.
 Now quite resign'd and calm, altho' denied
 When he address'd her father! 'Twas a treatment
 But ill agreeing with his fiery soul.—
 That soldier too, who left him as I enter'd!
 His haughty temper would disdain the acquaintance
 Of one so far beneath him.—'Tis all a mystery,
 That will ask time to unravel.—But our camp
 Requires me now—My mind misgives me strangely.
 [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Mariora's Apartment.*

EDGAR and MARIORA.

EDGAR.

Thou brightest maid that ever grac'd this isle,
With what fresh transports do I gaze on thee !
Admire each charm that does adorn my goddess,
Viewing with wonder thy celestial form,
As tho' your beauties were unknown before !

MARIORA.

Why all this flattery, to an heart your own ;
That never listen'd to the tale of love,
From other lip than thine ? My virgin vows
You know are register'd in heaven on your
Behalf ; then trust to fate, and rest assur'd
The day will come when Mariora's hand
Will join with your's—our wish'd-for happiness.

EDGAR.

Tedious delay, most racking to the lover !—
O then, if you are mine—if e'er your breast
Felt the soft tyranny of real passion—
Look then with pity on a flame so pure,
And soon consent to join the nuptial tye.

MARIORA.

And can you doubt of Mariora's heart ?
Can you believe I e'er can break those vows
That long time past I back return'd for your's,

And call'd each virgin faint to attest the same ?

EDGAR.

But love, that all-conquering power, is anxious
still,

Impatient of delay or tedious lingering ;
Of heavenly origin, submission claims
From all considerations—then relieve,
With mutual love, him who adores your charms,
And, blest'd with you, no greater joy aspires to.

MARIORA.

Since 'tis your will, no longer I deny :
Pleas'd to pursue the path you tread before me,
And follow as you lead, thro' fate's dark mazes,
Blest'd in my royal Edgar's smiles and favour.

EDGAR.

Then let the time be now :—The happy day
Which gives my sister to the arms of Malcolm,
May shine with equal pleasure on our stars.
Say then, my Fair, let me of him demand
You as my bride.—I know his generous soul
Will pride itself in giving me content.—
This moment will I ask you.

MARIORA.

Stay, my lord,—
The best of fathers should be first consulted,
At least acquainted with this great affair.

EDGAR.

Him I have already told my passion for you :
'Twas to his leave I owe this happy moment.

But

But tho' he bless'd me with an interview,
 He declin'd consent, but left it to his king;
 On him my sister will exert her influence,
 And, as he is a lover, try if he
 Can be an hindrance to her brother's bliss.

M A R I O R A.

Then, since you are resolv'd, to-morrow prove
 The royal favour; gain the king's consent,
 And then, my Edgar, I am all your own.

E D G A R.

O Mariosa! what a scene of bliss
 Arises to my view!—what halcyon days
 I promise to myself with thee, my queen,
 The dear-lov'd partner of my regal sway,
 O'er willing subjects, all a race of heroes!
 Ye shades of evening swiftly now descend,
 Ye sluggish minutes hasten on the night,
 Then hurry down the moon! the darkness fled,
 Let bright Aurora instant mount her car,
 And usher in the morn, that all my hopes
 Fortune must crown, or will for ever quash.—
 Farewell, my lovely Fair, my future bride.

M A R I O R A.

May angels guard thee—Heaven still be thy guide!

[*Exeunt,*

E

SCENE

SCENE *changes.*MALCOLM (*solus.*)

Exulting raptures dance within my breast,
 And love his scepter sways in triumph here.
 Grandeur, thou rival to his power, give way.
 Kings who their happiness for interest barter,
 (Unless their subjects' welfare so require)
 Debase the monarch to the sordid peasant.
 Denmark or France had given a wealthier bride,
 And life thro' splendid misery I had dragg'd;
 But England's princess, deck'd with nobler treasure,
 Brings as her dower, beauty, and every wish
 To crown my future years.—
 But see, her heavenly form upon me breaks,
 Like the sun's dawning light in summer's morn!

Enter MARGARET.

Fair Princess, you whose happiness has ever
 Been the chief object of my constant care,
 Let me thus gaze upon thy blooming charms,
 And bless the time I first beheld my Margaret!
 Margaret, the flower of England, Scotland's glory,
 And ornament of nature!—Let me thank
 The winds and tempest, that thy vessel wreck'd,
 And sent thee from the seas a second Venus,
 To make my court the bless'd Italian grove.

MARGARET.

Noblest of kings! thou generous, princely Malcolm,
 Can

Can all the labours of my future days,
My hourly prayers, my hourly studies, all,
E'er half repay thee for thy friendship towards us,
To me, my country, and her hapless lord?

M A L C O L M.

All which, and more, is but a monarch's duty;
And Heaven commands it, when it gives him rule,
To vindicate the unfortunate in woe,
And stand the proxy of the Power Divine.
Dismiss your cares; my crown, and kingdom, fortune,
Are all devoted to your brother's cause.

M A R G A R E T.

Let Eastern princes, in their pride of state,
Lazily doze their useless hours away,
The shame and scandal of imperial greatness;
Britain can boast a king of different mould,
Sent from the Power above to bless mankind,
The guardian still of innocence distress'd.

M A L C O L M.

Since you allow esteem, deny not love;
The sole reward for which the valiant bleed,
The sovereign antidote for all their woes.

M A R G A R E T.

If on my smiles your happiness depends,
To all the favours you have shower'd upon me,
Add one, one more, and every obstacle
Will be remov'd that bars your utmost wish.

MALCOLM,

MALCOLM.

What joys, what extacy, can equal mine !
 Search round my kingdom for a wish to make,
 Then name your will, and think ere nam'd 'tis
 granted.

MARGARET.

'Tis for my lord, for England's king, I sue,
 And one more act of goodness yet implore.
 Bright Mariora's charms have won his heart,
 And on your interest all his fate depends.
 Her father, tho' he does allow access,
 Without your leave will never give consent
 To bless my brother with his charming daughter.
 On your assistance all his hopes are center'd ;
 One word in his behalf will gain Macduff ;
 And that to obtain let me not plead in vain.

MALCOLM.

What do I hear ! O may my ears deceive me !

(Aside.)

Thou idol of my heart, with pity view me !
 View me the slave of your resistless beauty :
 Scepters and kingdoms would I gladly venture
 To please my queen, and life devote with pleasure.
 Speak your request on any other subject ;
 But here, alas ! fate does deny compliance,
 Nor can I grant what is not mine to give.

MARGARET.

What ! does not Scotland, and her hardy sons,
 Confess thy sway, and pay their homage to thee ?

What

What is there then beyond thy power to grant,
If such your will?

MALCOLM.

Nought but this one request.

MARGARET.

The first I made, and even in that deny'd!

MALCOLM.

Judge not severely, thou all-lovely censurer,
Nor doubt the influence you have o'er my heart.
This one request for pity wave; impossible
To give that aid already elsewhere promis'd.

MARGARET.

Likely enough, dread Sir—Your promises
May be as numerous as your Scottish beauties;
Else sure the royal Malcolm had comply'd,
Nor such request refus'd to such a suitor,
Whom late he offer'd to partake his scepter.

MALCOLM.

And still intreats you'd share the same with him.
No, Princess, think not that a love like mine
Can e'er prove false, or bow to others' charms:
'Twas you first gain'd my heart, it owns your em-
pire,

And swore allegiance to its sovereign's service.

MARGARET.

But, like a rebel, it deserts its colours,
And fights the battles of some foreign master,
And thwarts my brother's happiness, and your's.

MALCOLM.

The only cause can plead in my behalf,
 Friendship and honour, both in one united.
 Douglas first own'd his passion for the Fair,
 Douglas, the sharer of my infant troubles.

MARGARET.

To such a suitor, doubtless, aged Macduff
 Is all attention, and your friend prevails.

MALCOLM.

Quite the reverse : with more than usual warmth,
 He sharp reply'd—his daughter was his own ;
 That tho' she should not wed without consent
 From me obtain'd, (for so our laws ordain),
 Yet that the royal interest had no right
 To interfere.

MARGARET.

Spoke like the careful father.—
 But, since the welfare of his daughter his—
 Your friend claims all your thoughts—you must
 allow

Edgar on me has just the same demand,
 A sister's love shall match that of a father,
 Nor royal friendship shall be more determin'd.—
 Firmly resolv'd no more to be deceiv'd,
 Or led by ambition thro' the lawns of folly ;
 I here release you of your vows to me,
 And ev'ry proffer to partake your throne,
 Better contented with my brother's fortune,

—(Those aids once promis'd, I nor hope nor look
for)—

Than all the glories that your crown could give.

MALCOLM.

O can you, can you thus so barbarous prove;
From the high summit of expectant bliss,
To plunge me down to ruin; nay, what's worse,
So mean to think me! so disgrace my passion!
What, break my promise in your brother's cause,
And scandalize the name of King and Man?
No; tho' I have lost all prospect of delight,
And melancholy care be my sad portion,
Yet still my arms shall join in Edgar's quarrel,
And all my efforts be employ'd for him.

MARGARET.

Your honour I esteem, tho' scorn your love,
That ne'er deserv'd a name so pure, so sacred.—
Since Douglas rules your breast, Edgar shall mine,
And nature vie with your affection for him.
The Saxon royal blood that fills my veins,
(Tho' wretched, mindful of the source it sprang
from)

Prides in itself as worthy kings' alliance.—
As you have refus'd my suit (the first I made)
I solemnly declare, while Edgar's wretched,
To share his cares, and know no joys of love.
This is my fix'd resolve. For other favours
I thank your Highness.

[Exit.

E 4

MALCOLM

Gone! and I am left in sorrow and despair;
Virtue's admirer, yet a slave to passion.
O Friendship! two such batteries rais'd against thee!
Here, Love, from Margaret's eyes, plays his artillery,
There, Gratitude, thro' Fife's brave Thane, discharges
In peals whole ordnance of obligations;
But Honour, faithful still, commands within
The citadel, and bids them both defiance.
Direct me, Heaven! in this perplexing strife,
Steer me betwixt the two opposing quicksands;
Pity my passion—but my Douglas favour!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A TRAGEDY.

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ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE Macduff's House.

*Enter HASMOND, disguis'd as the Porter; and
two Soldiers, as in an outward room.*

FIRST SOLDIER.

HERE, Sir, 's the apartment he describ'd.

HASMOND.

The same.

And hitherto we have securely pass'd,
In this disguise, the servants' vigilance;
Who, thinking me their porter, you my acquaint-
ance,

Unnotic'd (as we wish'd for) gave admittance.—
Mark'd you each avenue, each passage dark,
Each winding turning through the spacious court,
That no obstruction may oppose retreat,
Or hazard of surprize prevent return?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Fear not, my lord, we'll guide you safely back.
Our comrades at small distance from the gate
Wait with the chariot, to your camp to bear you.
The porter, gorg'd with wine, (after we had stripp'd
The gown from off his back you now have on)
We have laid to slumber in an outward room.

Use

Use but your time ; we'll wait within your call,
(For, as the porter's friends, none will suspect us)
And, having help'd you to secure your prize,
Then with our swords (should so the occasion
need)

We'll hew a passage, till you are free from danger.

H A S M O N D.

My faithful friend, your Prince's guardian angel !

FIRST SOLDIER.

**This, and a thousand services beside,
(So you command) with joy we'll undertake.**

H A S M O N D.

My utmost favours only ask, and have.
But now retire, and guard me from surprize.

[*Exeunt the two Soldiers.*]

This counsellor of mine, this precious villain,
Nature sure labour'd to produce on purpose
To aid, assist me in my dark design.—
How useful is a friend on all occasions !
Either in virtue, or in vice, our partner,
Hethair in fields of glory shar'd my honour ;
And in my softer hours this new instructor,
This kind promoter of the works of darkness,
Claims like regard, and will partake my guilt.—
How wretchedly I am fallen ! This servile garb
Poorly disguises me ; the latent villain
Starts to myself ; myself am punishment,
Even ere my crimes are acted.—O remorse !—
How strangely alter'd from the Prince of Norway,
His

His country's pride and boast—a Tarquin now,
The scandal and disgrace to royalty.—
But here I came not to reflect, but act:
And see! the vast reward that crowns my labour
Approaches now;—let me observe awhile.

[*Stands behind.*]

Enter MARIORA with a book.

M A R I O R A.

The hour for rest advances on but slowly,
And reading will amuse the vacant minutes,
Ovid, the darling author of the Fair,
The favourite poet of the lovesick maid,
Kindly officious, offers me his service,
To entertain the irksome hours of thought.
Let me peruse—The chaste Penelope :
—Dido to Eneas—pious, perjur'd Prince;
That suits not me—nor Paris to his Helen—
Nor her reply: both are alike too loose.
—Laodamia—charming, melancholy story—
But this, this pleases best—The faithful loves
Of Hero and Leander. [Reads.]

H A S M O N D, (*aside.*)

Charming maid!

Her sense as well as person gives delight,
And fires me for possession. But observe,
She has clos'd the book, and seems immerg'd in
thought.

M A R I O R A.

MALCOLM,

MARIORA.

I can read no more; this tale does-so resemble
My own fond case—I am a perfect Hero,
And, like her, think of nought but my Leander.

HASMOND, (*aside.*)

Already I can learn she is but woman,
And love rules her, as well as all the sex.

MARIORA.

Like her I shun my countrymen's address,
To me disgustful.

HASMOND, (*aside.*)

Ha! some foreigner,

MARIORA.

Like him, my lover comes from neighbouring
lands,

And well deserves me for his wonderful love,

HASMOND, (*aside.*)

Strange thoughts occur!—I dare not, dare not hope.

MARIORA.

But then I have the advantage of my pattern.
No royal blood he boasted, as can mine;
And mine for me would run as dangerous hazards.

HASMOND, (*aside.*)

By Heaven I would:—it must be me she means,

MARIORA.

What tho' my father has deny'd consent,
The flame that kindled in his native land
At all his virtues, gain'd my virgin heart,

And

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And ne'er shall be extinguish'd.

H A S M O N D, (*aside.*)

Happy Hasmond !

'Tis plain, 'tis plain it can be only you.

M A R I O R A, (*sighing.*)

O my lov'd prince,

Were you but here to bless your Mariora !

Enter H A S M O N D :

H A S M O N D.

Behold him then [*she shrieks*] thou wond'rous,
heavenly Fair,

Your faithful lover, who has long ador'd you,
Your wish'd Leander, and your beauty's slave.

M A R I O R A.

Audacious ruffian ! whence this insolence ?
But well thy master shall chastise this rudeness,
And stripes reward thy unexampled folly.

H A S M O N D.

Let not thy anger thus obstruct thy reason,
Thou charming, wond'rous Fair ;—survey me well,
And see the triumphs of your matchless beauty,
That has transform'd me from the height of glory
Down to this abject guise ; to gaze on you,
And sigh my passion at the shrine of love.

M A R I O R A.

What art thou, instant say, whose language speaks
Thee

Thee different from the servile garb thou wear'st?
Declare the meaning of this strange intrusion.

H A S M O N D.

That which in times of old made gods disguise,
And various shapes assume—all-conquering love—
Has in the breast of Hasmond rais'd a flame,
And sends him thus to pour his passion to you.

M A R I O R A.

Hasmond!

H A S M O N D.

The brother of the king of Norway.

M A R I O R A.

Much do I wonder at the rash attempt.
But let me entreat, my lord, your instant absence,
The only atonement for the freedom taken.

H A S M O N D.

O no, you cannot sure so cruel prove,
To blast my hopes, and drive me to despair.
Much have I ventur'd for this happy moment,
Then let me reap the fruit of all my toil,
And plead the wond'rous flame your eyes have
rais'd.

M A R I O R A.

Not one word more, my lord, if that you prize
Your safety, or expect back to return;
All talk of love will only more offend,
And break those ties of honour else I owe you.

H A S M O N D.

H A S M O N D.

Now fortune aid me, crown my great attempt,
Nor let me slight thy favours!—Since my love
You scorn, as far beneath you, I no longer
Will waste the precious moments to no purpose,
But use the opportunity now offers:—
You must, you shall be mine.

M A R I O R A.

What mean you, Sir?

H A S M O N D (*laying hold on her.*)

To make you ever mine.—Appear, my friends.

[*Enter the two Soldiers.*]

M A R I O R A.

Help!—murder! murder!—O, I die with horror!

Enter MACDUFF and DOUGLAS.

M A C D U F F (*to DOUGLAS.*)

You'll find my words are true.—What shrieks are
here?

F I R S T S O L D I E R.

Betray'd, my lord;—but fall not unreveng'd.

M A C D U F F.

Villain! indeed thou art fallen. [*Stabs him.*]

F I R S T S O L D I E R.

I am slain; but let that forcerefs wait my shade.

[*Dies.*]

H A S M O N D.

MALCOLM,

HASMOND.

She shall, my friend, and thus attend thy ghost:

[Stabs Mariora.]

DOUGLAS.

Hold, thou vile slave, nor harm that excellence—

But thy base life's a sacrifice too poor.

Now curse the hand that dare commit such crimes!

MACDUFF.

O Mariora, O my murder'd child! [She faints.]

What ho!—who waits without?—attendance here!

HASMOND (to DOUGLAS:)

Be not deceiv'd, proud Scot. Off then, disguise:

[Throws off the cloak.]

Now view thy country's terror here before thee,

Hasmond, the prince of Norway, whose dire sword

Has spread destruction through your native troops,

And sends thee thus to share like fate with them.

[Draws.]

DOUGLAS.

View there the stain to all thy former glory!—

Thy martial actions, O! thy hand accurs'd

Has there wip'd out in Mariora's blood.—

But Douglas still survives to avenge her cause,

And send thy barbarous soul to meet its doom.

[They fight, Hasmond falls.]

HASMOND.

Ye envious powers, ye have struck me now at last,

And all my fame is blasted. But 'tis just

My

My guilty hand, that harm'd that innocence,
Fails its accustom'd fortune. O disgrace!
Disgraceful end, but more disgraceful cause!
But with my life may all those torments end,
Which O, I fear, my crimes too well deserve! [*Dies.*]

DOUGLAS.

Heaven may be merciful, your life you have paid.—
But, O fair Mariora, thy misfortune
Will sink at once the vanquish'd and the victor.

MACDUFF.

Slight is the wound; the weapon miss'd its aim,
And glanc'd obliquely 'twixt the robe and arm.

DOUGLAS.

Delightful words! my heart revives again.

MARIORA.

O Douglas, ever shall I prize thy goodness.

MACDUFF (*to DOUGLAS.*)

Much had I to impart to both of you,
When here I brought you; but this accident
Prevents all converse now. Besides, the king
Must be inform'd of what has happen'd here.—
Remove those bodies hence till my return.

[*To the Servants.*]

Let skilful surgeons instantly be sent for,
And be your mistress all your constant care.

[*Exeunt Macduff and Douglas. Scene closes.*]

F

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Edgar's Apartment.*

Enter EDGAR *(solus.)*

How wond'rous are the ways of Providence !
Thro' what unlook'd-for mazes do they lead !
But few days past I was a wretched wanderer,
Now, what a change ! the gallant sons of Scotland
Generously offer to regain my scepter,
But then my hopes of Mariora's love
Compleat my bliss, and Edgar asks no more.
Then calmly let me wait the happy change
From misery and grief to love and empire.

Enter ALARICK.

Alarick, as yet the night advances slow,
Nor are the hours that give repose arriv'd,
Yet an unusual lethargy has seiz'd me,
And I seem strangely weary—Let me have music ;
Perhaps its charms may keep the spirits wakeful,
If not, may lull me to repose awhile.

[Throws himself on a sofa ; soft music is heard.

Edgar sleeps.]

King EDWARD *descends in the form of an angel.*

EDWARD.

From bowers of happiness, and blissful groves,
The fulgent regions of eternal day,

Where

A TRAGEDY.

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Where, 'midst bright rays of glory, angels dwell,
And pious mortals, purified from earth,
Partake of joys divine in miniature,
Thy royal uncle Edward now descends,
To calm thy cares, and ease thy anxious mind.—
O Edgar, fate forbids your hopes success:
Strive not in vain my England to disturb
With hostile camps, nor trust to Malcolm's arms,
Tho' every effort he'll exert to aid you.
William must sway my scepter; fate's decree,
This long time past, prophetic, I foreknew,
Therefore by will declar'd him my successor,
In preference to you my legal heir.
Check then ambition, and to fortune yield;
Content, in private happiness and love,
Serenely pass, like me, thy helpless life,
Proud of the issue of your sister's bed,
For she, my Edgar, destiny ordains
To be the mother of a race of kings,
Famous as ever reign'd in Greece or Rome.
These to her daughter, and thy rival's son,
(Strange as it seems) their origin shall owe,
For so the fact will prove, and both the Britains,
This on the north, and that on south of Tweed,
Blended in one, shall rule. Then let the thoughts
Of their vast glory give thy soul delight.
In private dignity thy years must run,
Then for an earthly, gain an heavenly crown.

[Edward ascends.

F 2

EDGAR

EDGAR (*waking.*)

And shine a star, like you, celestial uncle!—

Was this a dream, or real, what I saw?

It was! it was! yon azure streaks describe

The track the saint ascended up to light.

My once warm genius listens to his precepts,

And empire's dazzling charms no more allure.

Quiet retirement from the pomp of greatness,

(The splendid vassalage that attends on crowns)

Shall cheer my days, with *Maiores* blest'd.

What though from me no son must mount my
throne,

My sister's heirs, from her and Malcolm springing,

Shall endless reign, with double glories crown'd.

In that sweet contemplation all my cares

I'll lull to rest.—But see, here Alarick comes.

Enter ALARICK.

ALARICK.

The king, my lord, at this unusual hour,

On business of importance craves your presence;

The princess is desir'd too to attend.

EDGAR.

Whate'er the occasion, we his pleasure wait.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

A TRAGEDY.

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SCENE *changes to a room of state.*

MALCOLM, DOUGLAS, and several Nobles.

MALCOLM.

This accident unlook'd for mars our schemes;
Our promis'd aid awhile we must defer.
The troops of Norway, fir'd at the death of Hasmond,
Will like some tempest sweep the realm of Scotland.
Edgar I have sent for, to inform the cause
That stops the succours of our martial bands,
Till more our leisure offers.

DOUGLAS.

Cause sufficient
To excuse the immediate prowess of our arms.—
But see, Macduff returns, with him his daughter,
From the northern camp, where late he went to
inform
Their chiefs of Hasmond's fate, and what the cause;
Perhaps he brings us peace, and vain our fears.

Enter MACDUFF and MARIORA.

MACDUFF.

Joy to the royal Malcolm!—Scotland's genius
Protects her sons from Norway's rage; whose troops
(Tho' loud they storm'd at hearing Hasmond's fate)
The noble Hethair—as the gentle zephyrs
Smooth the tumultuous ocean—sooth'd to reason,
Declaring the sad cause; and how your will
That funeral obsequies be duly paid,

As the last tribute to his martial merit,
Their rage gave way, and peace still reigns be-
tween us.

MALCOLM.

But where's the brave Norwegian, to whose care
This joyful peace we owe?

MACDUFF.

He thought as yet his presence might be wanted
Among their troops. Soon as occasion offers,
He on your Highness waits.

MARIORA (to MALCOLM).

O Sir, excuse the transports of my heart,
That overflows with joy. But let me render
The tenderest tribute to the best of men,
Where gratitude, where love, where all is due.
[Embracing Douglas,

Enter EDGAR, MARGARET, ALARICK, &c.

EDGAR.

What do I see!—surely my eyes deceive me!—
My Mariora!—'tis impossible!

DOUGLAS.

Thou pride of nature, let me press thee thus,
Thus call thee ever mine!

MALCOLM.

I'm all amazement;
But joy my friend is blest, tho' I am lost.

MACDUFF.

O no, no longer tread the paths of error.

Duty,

A T R A G E D Y.

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Duty, affection, ev'ry human tie,
Calls loudly on Macduff this gordian knot
To undo, and back restore you all to peace.

EDGAR.

Alas! impossible: that fate forbids.

MACDUFF.

You to despair, I grant.—Then mark my words,
Truth guides my tongue.
Then wonder not at Mariora's passion,
For you, Lord Douglas, much may challenge from
—her;
But, as I said, ne'er dream of bridal joys;
They are to another destin'd.

DOUGLAS.

What means Macduff?

MACDUFF.

Attend, and hearken:—When your noble father
Fell in his sovereign's cause (your dawning youth
Bred up at court) your fond indulgent mother,
Dying soon after, to my consort's care
Bequeath'd the rearing of her infant daughter,
Brought up 'mongst mine, with equal care and
fondness.

'Twas now the time, O fatal, fatal time!
O anguish to my soul back to reflect!—
Forgive an old man's grief! (the hardy soldier
Must here give way to nature, and shed tears,
Or not be worthy of the name of man)—
When, in my absence, to my unguarded castle

Came

Came the fierce bloodhounds of the damn'd Macbeth,

And mother, children, hurry'd all to slaughter,

Yet in the general butchery Heaven allow'd

A faithful servant to preserve one infant,

Safely to me convey'd, for mine he thought it,

I still have call'd her mine, (the only solace

Left to my woes distractive)—mine in name,

In features, and in age, tho' well I knew

Mine sell a victim to the murderers' swords :

Since then the partner of my every fortune.—

I now to Douglas yield my power assum'd,

And for a mistress here present a sister,

MALCOLM.

I am all amazement ! lost in strange surprize !

DOUGLAS.

What do I hear ?—Declare, ambiguous lord !

Torture me not. Is then the wretched Douglas

Fair Mariora's brother ?

MACDUFF.

The same.

Be witness, Heaven, and every power above,

That I speak truth.

DOUGLAS.

Not the least glimpse of hope !—

But let me not complain ; let me sustain

This shock of fate, nor murmur at my fortune.—

O Mariora ! let me clasp thee close,

And pour the transports of a brother's love,

Due to a long-lost sister, unexpected
Found, as by Heaven sent to dispel my passion,
And rouse me from my dream of amorous folly.

M A R I O R A.

Thou best of brothers, may thy happy sister
Still make her pride obedience to your will !

D O U G L A S.

Then let my power be known by your compliance
To this my first request. This noble Prince
Has long admir'd your charms ; give then your
hand,

(If such the pleasure of our royal master)
And bless him with those joys I vainly fought for.

E D G A R.

Noblest of men, thy Edgar's better angel !

M A L C O L M.

Freely I give consent. 'Tis Douglas asks,
And Edgar's happiness is my ambition.

E D G A R.

And Malcolm's wish be Edgar's utmost glory.

M A L C O L M.

Then make me, like yourself, compleatly bless'd,
Nor let me for your beauteous sister sigh
In vain, nor feel the torture of despair !
Then intercede that she receive my passion,
And, with your own, make this my bridal day.

E D G A R.

Can there be aught in happy Edgar's power

That

That you can ask in vain? My sister's joy
Is my request; herself is bless'd in me.

MARGARET.

Ever obedient to her brother's will,
Margaret attentive waits your royal pleasure.

EDGAR.

Then on our generous benefactor smile,
Your love can only pay our obligation.

[Gives her hand to Malcolm.]

MARGARET.

May future gratitude, and faithful love,
Blot the remembrance of my former coldness!

MALCOLM.

Thou Excellence Divine!—

My noble Peers, partake your sovereign's joy.
Let Edinburgh thro' all her streets resound,
Ere morrow's sun, her Malcolm's happiness.
Be sorrow banish'd from each weeping eye,
And all, like me, give way to mirth unbounded.
Then, when my happiness is made compleat,
Arms shall again assert their power tumultuous,
And call me to the field on your behalf.

EDGAR.

No, king of Scotland!—Now my soul no longer
Glow's at the warmth that fond ambition kindled.
Thrones, and the lust of rule, no longer charm:
Blest in my love, a refuge in your court
Is all I ask, and dream no more of crowns.

MALCOLM.

A TRAGEDY.

MALCOLM.

What means my brother? What degenerate thoughts
Have seiz'd thy soul! unworthy of thy birth,
Unworthy of thyself, unworthy man?

EDGAR.

Let then your wonder cease, I'll all disclose.—
Some short time past a lethargy unusual
Seiz'd on my weary limbs, by sleep oppress'd;
When to my anxious thought before my eyes
My heavenly uncle Edward stood confess'd;
With light he shone, as did those angels bright,
The Patriarch wandering in a vision saw
Ascending and descending from the skies;
Like them, with words divine, he sooth'd my cares,
And from my breast compos'd, expung'd ambition,
Told me how destiny oppos'd my hopes,
What kings heroic from my sister's nuptials
(Sprung from her daughter and the Norman's son),
Shall rule all Britain, to their sway united,
And reign the envy of the neighbouring powers.

MALCOLM.

Since Heaven ordains it peace, we sheathe the
sword,
Nor vainly struggle with Omnipotence.
Then let each one partake with me the prospect
Of future blessings fate designs this island,
From lovely Margaret and your Malcolm's off-
spring,—

Thou

76 M A L C O L M, &c.

Thou, partner of my soul, [so Douglas] my faithful friend,

Support the shock of disappointed love;
Then search thro' Albion's realms to find a Fair
Worthy thy affection, who, in future times,
May fill with thy descendants Europe's courts,
While ev'ry sovereign shall esteem their merit,
And each crown'd head shall boast a Douglas' valour.

M A C D U F F.

Here end an old man's cares, dread Power Divine!
Since on my country now thy favours shine;
Since peaceful prospects are again restor'd,
Her throne ascended by her lawful lord;
Whose bridal hopes his charming queen shall grace
With the glad produce of a glorious race;
Whom Heaven decrees shall reign with endless sway,
While age to age records this joyful day.



F I N I S.